

Featuring  
in this  
issue...

**KIT WEST**

in **THE DEVIL'S  
SCOURGE**

ANC

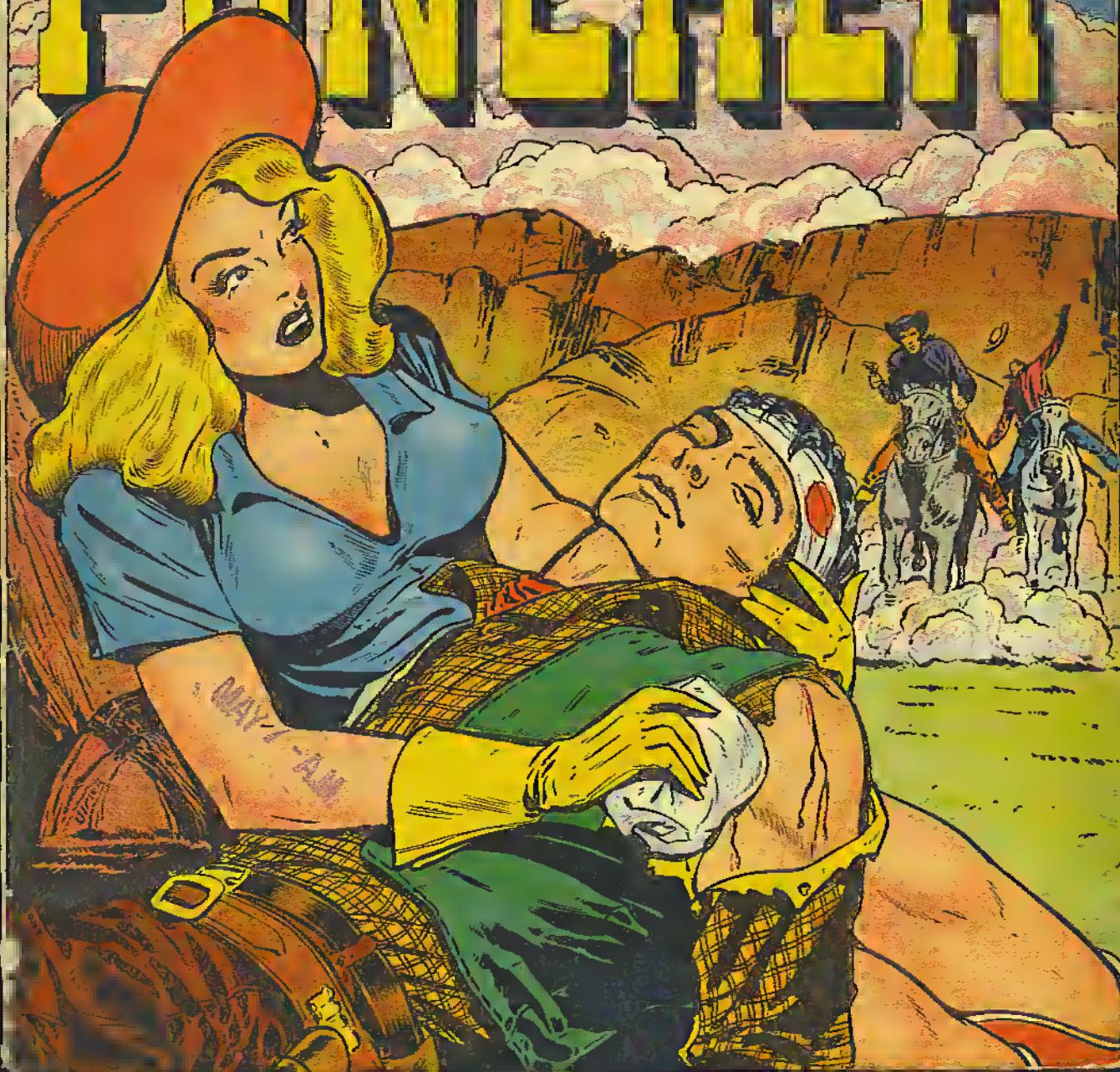


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# KIT WEST

in the  
"DEVIL'S SCOURGE"

**M**ANY MEN HAVE STOOD UP TIME AND AGAIN TO CONQUER MANY FORMS OF TERROR, BUT WHAT MORTAL CAN BEHOLD THE HORROR OF THE SUPERNATURAL, THE APPARITION OF EVIL INCARNATE WITHOUT HEARING THE CLAP OF DOOM IN HIS EARS ? IT WAS WITH THIS PETRIFIED FEELING THAT **KIT WEST**, QUEEN OF PIONEERS, DID BATTLE WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF, WITH THE FATE OF THE FRONTIER LYING IN THE BALANCE !



IN THAT DENSE WILDERNESS LATER KNOWN AS MISSOURI, A SLIM, BEAUTEOUS GIRL BENDS CURIOUSLY OVER THE SOD...

INDIANS! AT LEAST A SCORE OF THEM PASSED THIS WAY - NOT FIVE HOURS AGO!

TO LOBONDO AND HIS BRAVES DARE TAKE THE WARPATH AFTER THE DEFEAT THEY SUFFERED LAST YEAR AT FORT YORK! I THOUGHT WE'D DISCOURAGED HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY MOHALIS FOR GOOD!

THEY PASSED HERE, ALL RIGHT.. CAMP FIRE.. DEER BONES, YET NO SIGN OF A SHOE PRINT - SO NO CAPTIVES!

HOURS LATER... A CLEARING...

I WAS RIGHT! THERE'S THE FULLER CABIN - NO BURNING BUILDING - NO SCALPED BODIES - EVERYBODY INDOORS FOR SUPPER. I'LL SNEAK UP AND SURPRISE THEM!

HI, THERE, FULLERS! SET ANOTHER PLACE FOR - (GASP) - YE GODS!!

THEY'RE DEAD - STARING INTO SPACE AS IF THEY SAW SOMETHING SO GHASTLY THEIR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED AT SUPPER - NOTHING COOKING IN THE POT -- BREAKFAST DISHES STILL UNWASHED - THAT'S NOT LIKE MRS. FULLER (SNIFF) - THERE'S A FUNNY ODOR HERE.. LIKE (SNIFF)...

GOOD GRACIOUS! A HAND PRINT ON MR. FULLER'S CHEST HORNY, RED -- BURNING THE FLESH IT TOUCHED!

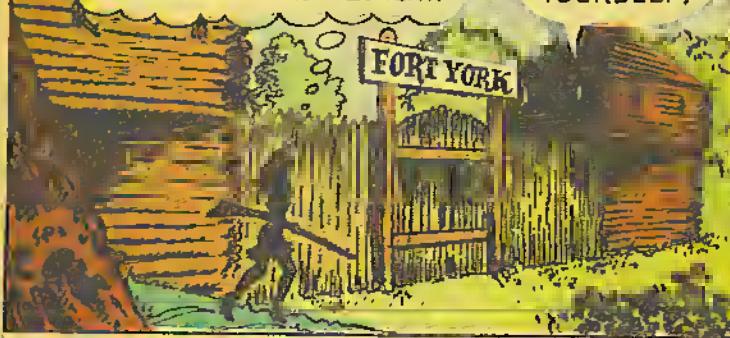


THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME HAND PRINTS! WHAT GRISLY JOKE IS THIS? WHO PROPPED UP THESE BODIES? THIS ISN'T MURDER, INJUN STYLE -- IT'S -- IT'S WEIRD!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

I HATE TELLING THEM ABOUT THE FULLERS -- THE WAY THEY DIED! FRONTIER FOLK ARE SO SUPERSTITIOUS! STILL, I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY.



STAND OFF, STRANGER-- IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

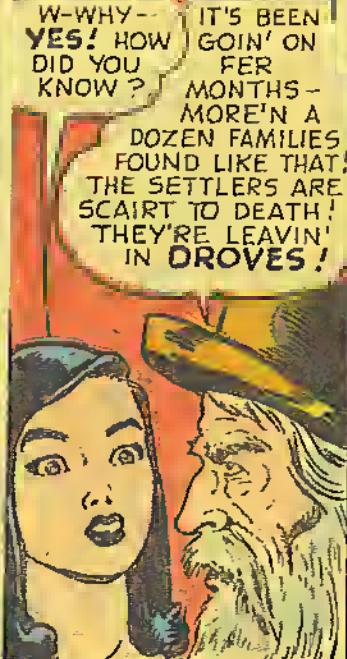
KIT WEST! OPEN YOUR GATES! I HAVE BAD NEWS!



THE FULLERS - WAS THERE FROM GRANDMA TO THE BABIES-ALL DEAD!!

W-WHY- IT'S BEEN  
YES! HOW GOIN' ON  
DID YOU FER  
KNOW? MONTHS--  
MORE'N A DOZEN FAMILIES  
FOUND LIKE THAT:  
THE SETTLERS ARE  
SCAIRT TO DEATH!  
THEY'RE LEAVIN'  
IN DROVES!

MEANWHILE, AT A CABIN FOUR MILES AWAY...



WICKED MORTALS, PREPARE TO DIE! THE DEVIL HAS COME FOR YOUR SOULS! HEE! HEE! HEE!

CHILDREN--R-RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

NOBODY CATCHES ME HERE WHEN WE PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK! THE BAD DEVIL WON'T FIND ME EITHER!

HEE! HEE-EE!

AN HOUR LATER

W-WHY, THE DEVIL'S GONE! AND EVERYBODY'S HERE - MA, PA, WILLIE, JO-ANN... SITTING AROUND THE TABLE FOR SUPPER...

SHE LOOKS SO FUNNY... THEY ALL DO THEY'RE DEAD! THE D-DEVIL KILLED THEM! (SOB!)

SO NONE OF YOU KNOWS WHY OR HOW THESE EERIE MURDERS HAPPENED?

OPEN THE GATE (SOB!) PLEASE!

IT'S LITTLE JOHNNY TERRIGAN!

THE DEVIL CAME...KILLED EVERYONE BUT ME! I HID IN A CHEST...THE DEVIL BURNED EVERYBODY WITH HIS HANDS!

DEVIL-BOSH! IT'S AN INJUN EVIL SPIRIT, I TELL YOU -- TAKES THE SHAPE OF THE DEVIL -- TO DRIVE US OFF THIS CURSED LAND!

...AYE, A DEADLY CURSE THE OLD MOHALI MEDICINE MEN PUT ON IT EVER SINCE SPANISH CONQUISTADORS SLAUGHTERED THE MOHALI BRAVES

LITTLE MICE!

200 YEARS AGO, DON FORTUNATO HUERTA, A CRUEL CONQUISTADOR, ALMOST WIPE OUT THE MOHALI TRIBE ON THE VERY GROUND WE STAND ON...

...BECAUSE OF THIS, THE MOHALI MEDICINE MEN CURSED THE LAND, BEGGING THE EVIL SPIRITS TO BRING DEATH TO ANY WHITE MEN WHO LIVED HERE!



THE EVIL EYE HAS TAKEN THE SHAPE OF THE DEVIL TO MURDER EVERY WHITE ON THIS TERRITORY. I'M LEAVING FORT YORK IN THE MORNING!

ME TOO!



THEY'LL ALL GO-- FORT YORK IS FINISHED NOW!

NO, TIMOTHY! NOT IF I CAN PROVE THIS DEVIL IS MORTAL! KEEP THEM HERE--AT GUN POINT, IF NEED BE--UNTIL I COME BACK!



GRISLY DAWN--AT THE TERRIGAN CABIN...

LITTLE JOHNNY DIDN'T LIE! THERE'S THE CHEST HE HID IN--THE BRIMSTONE SMELL--THE RED PALMS OVER THE CORPSES' HEARTS--COULD OLD-TIMER BE RIGHT? IS THE EVIL SPIRIT ON THE WARPATH?



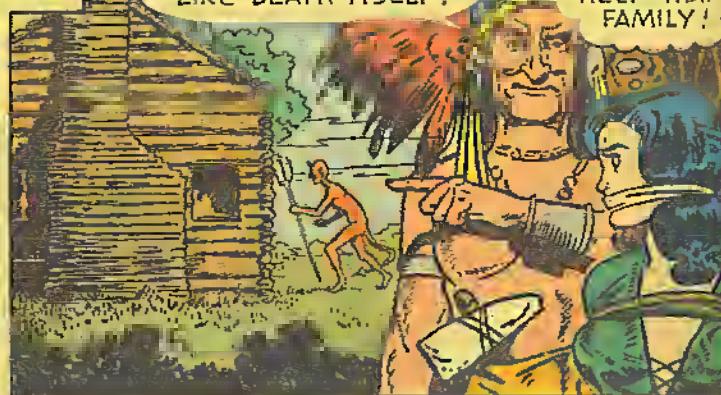
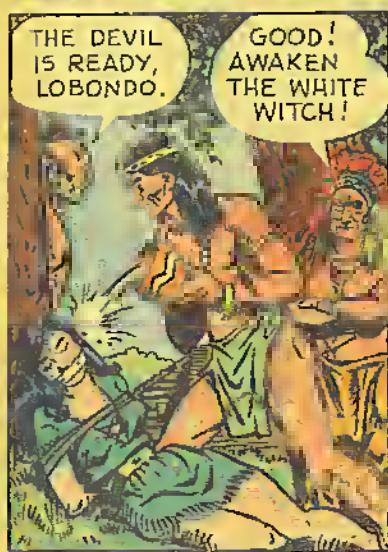
PLAINLY MARKED INDIAN TRAIL... BEARING SOUTH. IT MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN RUBBISH WARPAINT!

DUSK--THE SAME DAY...

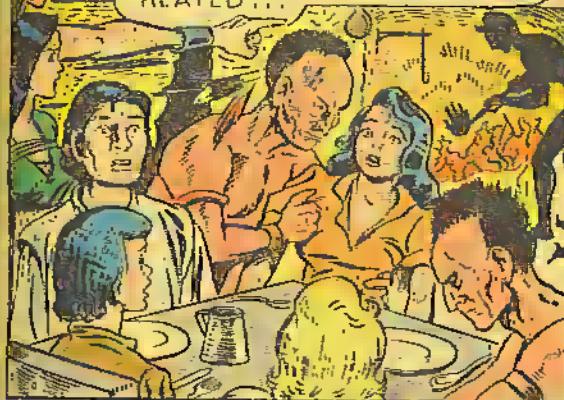
FATHER! LOOK! KIT WEST, WHO DEFEATED US LAST YEAR!

AHH, MY SON, THE TRIBAL GODS ARE GOOD TO LOBONDO. SHE MUST BE TAKEN ALIVE!





BRIMSTONE POWDER BROUGHT BY FLEET  
MOHALI RUNNERS FROM THE NORTH IS  
SPRINKLED AROUND THE SCENE OF  
THE CRIME LIKE THE AROMA OF  
HADES. MEANWHILE A BRAND IS  
HEATED...



...TO LEAVE THE DEVIL'S  
HAND ON THE CORPSES!  
AND NOW THAT YOU  
CAN SPEAK, WHITE  
WITCH, ANY QUESTIONS?

WHO'S YOUR  
DEVIL -- A  
MOHALI?

NO --  
BEAUTIFUL  
CREATURE. LET  
ME REVEAL  
MY IDENTITY!

CARLOS MACHETE, -- WHO BY  
THE NOTORIOUS PLAYING ON  
SPANISH YOUR SILLY  
DESERTER! SUPERSTITION,  
WILL TERRORIZE  
YOU WHITES  
INTO DESERTING  
FORT YORK!



LATER - ON THE TRAIL...

LISTEN! MY WORK IS DONE. FORT YORK WILL  
BE EMPTY IN A WEEK. I COULD GET YOU  
OUT OF THIS, KIT - IF YOU LIKED ME  
ENOUGH. WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE --  
FREEDOM WITH ME, OR DEATH WITH  
LOBONDO?

I'LL PLAY  
UP TO HIS  
VANITY!

LIFE  
WITH YOU,  
OF COURSE,  
HANDSOME.

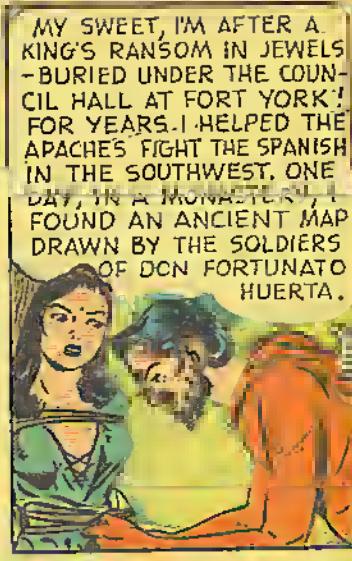


THAT NIGHT...

NO, WHITE DEVIL -  
NONE MAY SPEAK  
WITH THE GIRL  
BUT MY FATHER.

I MUST  
KILL THE  
FOOL IF  
I AM TO  
SAVE HER-





\*-ACCORDING TO DON FORTUNATO'S MEN, HUERTA BURIED A FORTUNE IN JEWELS TAKEN FROM MEXICAN TREASURE HOUSES, ON THE PRESENT SITE OF FORT YORK. BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK FOR THEM -- HE DIED OF FEVER WHILE CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI...

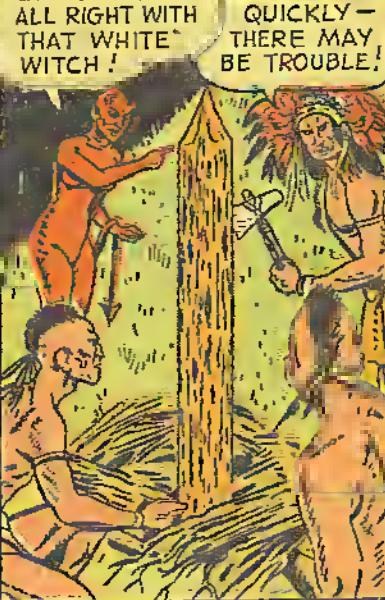
HUERTA DIED, BUT I STUMBLED UPON HIS FORTUNE! MY TERROR SCHEME WILL MAKE FORT YORK A DESERT... THEN WE WILL DIG UP THE JEWELS AND LIVE IN EUROPE LIKE ROYALTY!



IT'S THE KISS OF DEATH!  
NOW TO LEAVE A LOVE LETTER FOR LOBONDO!

MY FATHER ALWAYS DID SAY  
THERE WAS A BIT OF THE DEVIL IN ME! SO BYE-BYE, DESERTER... YOU'RE GOING TO COLLECT A PAYMENT THAT'S LONG OVERDUE!

ER-LOBONDO - I HEARD SOME FUNNY NOISES IN YOUR SON'S TEPEE... BETTER SEE IF EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT WITH QUICKLY - THAT WHITE THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!



MACHETE HAS BETRAYED US. HE KILLED YOUR SON AND FREED KIT WEST. HE WANTED NOTHING FOR US - ONLY TREASURE FOR HIMSELF!

LET HIM SLEEP. HE WILL AWAKEN AT THE STAKE!



THAT NIGHT

MACHETE'S REIGN OF TERROR IS ENDED. EVEN NOW KIT WEST GIVES HIS SECRET AWAY! ONLY KNIVES CAN REMOVE THE WHITES FROM FORT YORK - WE ATTACK AT DAWN !!



AT FORT YORK, THE SAME NIGHT...

SO YOU SEE HOW FOOLISH YOUR FEARS WERE?

YOU SURE HAD US SCARED, KIT! WHO'D DREAM THAT CARLOS MACHETE HATCHED THIS DEVILISH PLOT?



AND NOW - BE PREPARED FOR A MOHALI ATTACK! LOBONDO KNOWS DELAY WILL ONLY BRING REINFORCEMENTS TO FORT YORK!



AT DAWN THE MOHALIS ATTACK



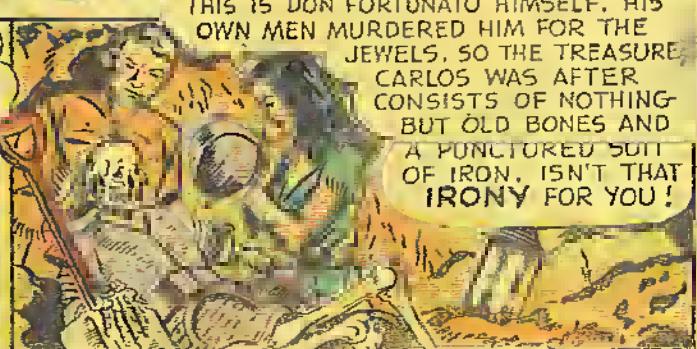
AT NOON, THE MOHALIS RETREATED, DRAGGING THEIR DEAD BEHIND THEM!



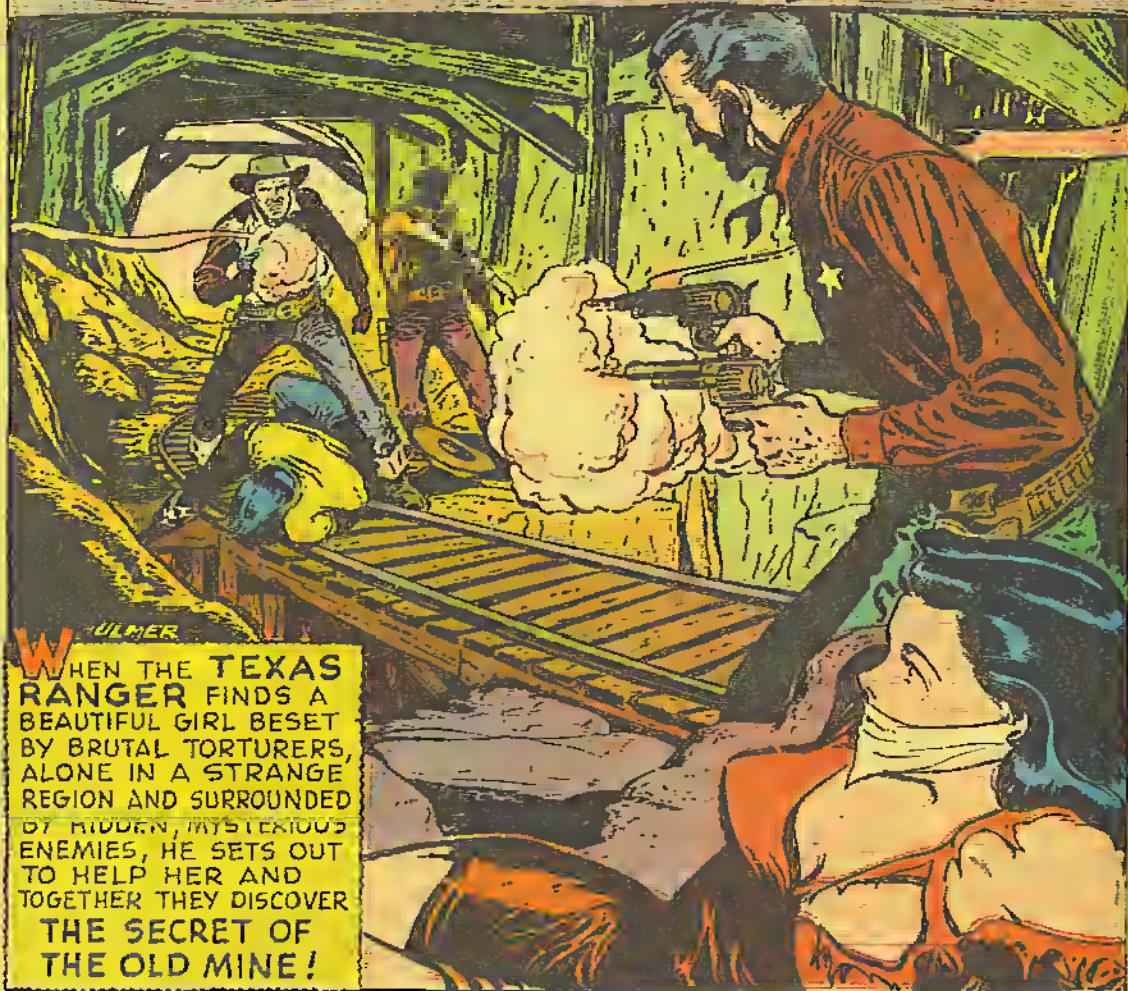
THEY'LL NEVER RECOVER FROM THIS ROUT! NOW LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY JEWELS BURIED UNDER THE COUNCIL HALL!



THE INSCRIPTION ON THE HELMET SAYS THIS IS DON FORTUNATO HIMSELF. HIS OWN MEN MURDERED HIM FOR THE JEWELS, SO THE TREASURE CARLOS WAS AFTER CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT OLD BONES AND A PUNCTURED SUIT OF IRON. ISN'T THAT IRONY FOR YOU!



# THE SECRET OF THE OLD MINE



ULMER

WHEN THE TEXAS RANGER FINDS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL BESET BY BRUTAL TORTURERS, ALONE IN A STRANGE REGION AND SURROUNDED BY HIDDEN, MYSTERIOUS ENEMIES, HE SETS OUT TO HELP HER AND TOGETHER THEY DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE OLD MINE!

IN TOWN ONE DAY, THE TEXAS RANGER PAUSES AS HE RIDES UP MAIN STREET...

'MORNIN', MRS. BROOKS. WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

WHY, YES, RANGER. MY NEICE JOAN WAS SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE FROM THE EAST TODAY. SHE'S OVERDUE.

I'LL RIDE OUT AND SEE IF I CAN MEET HER. I WAS A-GOIN' OUT THAT WAY ---! I'M SURE ANYWA-- OH, NO-- DON'T BOTHER SHE'S IN NO DANGER.



NO BOTHER AT ALL, MA'AM.  
I'LL HAVE A LOOK FOR HER.  
GIDDAP, BOY!

PLEASE...  
DON'T...OH,  
DRAT IT!!

BUT AS THE RANGER RIDES A PATHWAY  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

OOOOH!

SAY--THAT'S  
A GIRL'S VOICE  
SCREAMING!  
GET GOIN',  
BOY--!

OW-  
OOOH!

ARE YUH GOIN'  
TUH TALK NOW?

HEY-LOOK!  
WE GOT  
COMPANY!  
IT'S A  
TEXAS RANGER!

SAY--!  
STOP THAT!  
STOP  
BEATING-  
THAT  
GIRL!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS  
HOMBRE!

UH!

THAT'S EASIER  
SAID THAN DONE!

OW-OOO--!

NOW IT'S MY  
TURN! LET'S  
SEE HOW A  
DOSE OF LEAD  
APPEALS  
TO YOU -

C'MON- RUN  
FOR IT!

WE'LL  
TAKE CARE  
O' HIM.  
SOME OTHER  
TIME!

TOO BAO THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY. AND NOW FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY, I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIEO IN A SECONO. WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

I'M SO GLAD YOU GAME-- I THOUGHT I'D NEVER BE SAVEO. THEY MUST'VE BEEN AFTER THE SECRET OF THE OLD GOLD MINE.



OO YOU MEAN THE OLO DESERTED COLBY MINE THAT TEO BROOKS OWNED? THAT MINE'S NO GOOD.

MAYBE! MY NAME IS JOAN BROOKS. WHEN MY UNCLE, TED BROOKS, DIED RECENTLY, HE SENT ME A STRANGE MESSAGE.



HE SAID THERE WAS A HIDDEN VEIN OF GOLD IN THAT MINE AND THEN HE DREW A PICTURE OF A TOP HAT AND A SHOVEL. I THINK IT'S SOME SORT OF CLUE AND I MUST FIGURE IT OUT.

HMM... HE MUST'VE SEEN SOME KIND OF DANGER TO SEND YOU SUCH A CRYPTIC MESSAGE.



YES, UNCLE TEO MUST HAVE, PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME UNRAVEL THE SECRET. I... I HAVE FEW FRIENDOS OUT HERE.

OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, JOAN. YOU'RE IN DANGER HERE. NOW LET'S GET BACK. YOUR AUNT WAS WAITING FOR YOU WHEN I LEFT TOWN. I'LL TAKE YOU OUT TO THE BROOKS RANCH.



AND SO, SOON AFTER...

YOU POOR DEAR. WHAT A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE. HOWEVER, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE A DAY OR TWO TILL I CAN FIND SOME SUITABLE CLOTHES FOR YOU IN TOWN.

YES, THIS OUTFIT OF MINE IS QUITE TORN BUT I CAN'T STAY INDOORS. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I GO TO THE MINE AT ONCE!



WILL YOU SHOW ME WHERE THE OLD COLBY MINE IS?

WHY, SURE. WE CAN USE MY HORSE.

I CAN SEE THAT THAT GIRL'S GOING TO BE TROUBLESOME!

LATER, INSIDE THE OLD DESERTED MINE...



WE'D BETTER USE THIS WOODEN PLATFORM HERE, TILL WE GET OVER THAT SLIME. THIS PLACE IS SURE RUN-DOWN.

RIGHT. IT HASN'T BEEN WORKED FOR YEARS - NOT EVEN WHEN MY UNCLE WAS LIVING.

SUDDENLY...





WHEN JOAN AND THE RANGER REACH THE RANCH...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE BACK. I MUST INSIST THAT YOU STAY HERE TILL I'VE HAD TIME TO GET YOU SOME CLOTHES AND YOU'VE HAD A GOOD REST.

BUT, AUNT - !

MAY I HELP YOU?

IF YOU WISH, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO STAY INDOORS TILL I GO INTO TOWN TOMORROW

AND IN THE ATTIC ...

I GIVE UP - THERE'S NOT A SUITABLE THING TO WEAR HERE.

YOU CAN'T WEAR THIS, BUT LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND...

THIS SHOVEL! THERE'S ENGRAVING ON THE HANDLE - IT SAYS THIS IS THE FIRST SHOVEL YOUR UNCLE EVER USED.

SHOVEL -- ! THAT MESSAGE -- IT MUST'VE REFERRED TO THIS SHOVEL! QUICK -- LOOK THROUGH THE REST OF THE TRUNK.

LOOK HERE -- IT'S HALF OF A MAP -- A MAP OF THE MINE!

AND HERE'S A TOP HAT -- JUST LIKE THAT MESSAGE HAD. NOW HOW DOES THIS TOP HAT FIT HERE? LOOK THROUGH THE LINING.

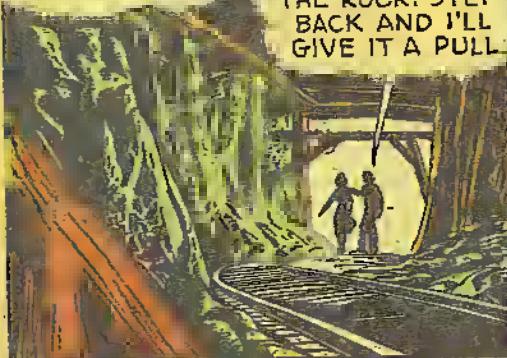
LOOK ! HERE IS THE OTHER HALF OF THAT MAP

AND LOOK -- THERE'S A MARK AT A CERTAIN SPOT. LET'S GET DOWN TO THE MINE RIGHTAWAY !

RACING TO THE OLD MINE, THEY FOLLOW THE MAP AND FIND ...

HERE IT IS--  
THE SPOT MARKED  
ON THE MAP.

AND LOOK--  
THIS HANDLE  
JUTTING FROM  
THE ROCK. STEP  
BACK AND I'LL  
GIVE IT A PULL.



HERE GOES--!  
SEE THAT ROCK--  
IT'S OPENING!!

IT'S A TUNNEL--A  
HIDDEN TUNNEL! IT  
MUST BE THE UN-  
TAPPED VEIN OF GOLD  
THAT NO ONE BUT  
UNCLE  
KNEW OF!



BUT SUDDENLY...

YES--AND THANK  
YOU FOR UNCOVERING  
IT FOR  
US! GO  
GET THEM, WHY, AUNT,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?

WE HAVE  
COMPANY. IT'S  
YOUR THREE  
FRIENDS WHO  
TRIED TO  
TORTURE  
YOU!



THIS TIME I'LL  
FINISH WHAT I  
STARTED ON  
THAT ROAD.

DON'T MAKE US  
LAUGH! ALL RIGHT,  
—GRAB HIM!



AN OLD SHOVEL LYING  
AROUND CAN COME IN  
MIGHTY HANDY--!



MAYBE YUH GOT  
THEM BUT NOT ME!

UUUUFH!

SAVE YOUR BREATH,  
PARDNER! YOU'LL  
NEED IT!

YUH WON'T –  
YEE-AAH !!

RANGER --  
CATCH HER!  
SHE'S GETTING  
AWAY!

I NEVER HIT A  
LADY, BUT –

NOTHING SAYS I CAN'T LASSO ONE!  
HOLD ON THERE, MRS. BROOKS. YOU'RE  
NOT GOING ANYPLACE --

AND SO, LATER, BACK IN TOWN, AFTER  
THE NEW TENANTS HAVE BEEN  
DEPOSITED IN THE TOWN JAIL...

THANK YOU, RANGER.  
I CAN'T IMAGINE  
MY OWN AUNT BEING  
BEHIND ALL THIS...  
SHE NEVER WANTED  
ME TO HAVE THE  
MINE.

NO, SHE DIDN'T.  
WHEN YOUR UNCLE DIED  
SHE VOWED TO GET RID  
OF YOU AND FIND THAT  
HIDDEN VEIN WHICH  
SHE HAD SOMEHOW  
FOUND OUT ABOUT.

WHEN SHE INSISTED YOU STAY  
IN TILL SHE GOT SOME NEW  
CLOTHES SHE WAS JUST  
PLAYING FOR TIME TO  
SEARCH THE MINE CARE-  
FULLY AND TRY TO  
DISCOVER THE HIDDEN  
VEIN. THEN SHE'D GET  
RID OF YOU AND  
CLAIM THE MINE  
HERSELF.

BUT  
THANKS  
YOU, ALL  
HER TRIES  
TO GET RID  
OF ME  
FAILED.  
YOU'VE BEEN  
WONDERFUL!  
PLEASE COME  
BACK SOMEDAY  
AND VISIT!



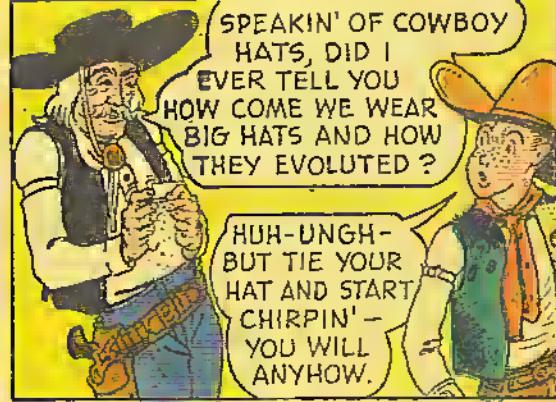
# TRAIL TALES

by an

OLD RANNY



WELL, YOU SEE IT T'WER LIKE THIS –  
WHEN WE FIRST COME OUT WEST HERE,  
WE WORE STOVE PIPE AND LOW CROWN'D  
WIDE BRIM HATS MADE OF BEAVER FUR



BUT THEY WURN'T PRACTIAL FOR THIS PART OF TH' COUNTRY - THEY JUS' SEEMED TO' WILT, FLOP, AND GIVE AWAY IN GENERAL –



ONE DAY 'BOUT THAT TIME, A PILGRIM GOT OFF TH' STAGE - A HAT MAKER, HE WAS –



HE SAW RIGHT AWAY WE WUZ NEEDIN' TH' RIGHT KIND OF A HAT FER THIS KIND OF COUNTRY –



YOU SEE, WE HAD TO USE OUR HATS FER OTHER THINGS BESIDES WEARIN' 'EM ON OUR HEADS, LIKE WATERIN' OUR HORSES –



– WASHIN' OUR FACES, AND THEM OLD BEAVER FUR HATS KINDA SOAKED UP TH' WATER AND LEAKEO – –



THEN THUR WUS TH' ELEMENTS WE HAD TO PUT UP WITH, IN TH' SUMMER A BROAD RIM KEPT TH' HOT SUN OFF-



THEY WUR RIGHT HANDY IN ORIVIN' COW-CRITTERS - A WHACK OVER A CRITTER'S NOSE WOULD OFTEN HAVE AN EFFECT WHUR NOTHIN' ELSE WOULD



AS I WUZ SAYIN', THAT HAT MAKER, STETSON WUZ HIS HANDLE, EF I RECOLLECT RIGHT, DONE SEEN WHAT FER WE USED OUR HATS AND OUR CRYIN' NEED FER A HAT. WHUT COULD TAKE IT - PERTY SOON HE SHIPS US A NEW KINDA HAT-



I DON'T KNOW WHY WE CALLED IT TH' HORSEMAN'S HAT, BUT ANYWAY IT WUS A START, ANO THAT FELLER STETSON TRIED AGAIN. THIS TIME HE SENT OUT A WIDE RIM, LOW CROWN HAT, STILL TH' RIM WUS LIKE A BOARD!



AND IN TH' WINTER, WE TIED TH' BRIM OOWN OVER OUR EARS WITH OUR HANDKERCHIEFF -



THEN AGAIN THESE BIG HATS COME IN RIGHT HANOV WHEN LEAD SLINGIN' GOT TO BE TH' BUSINESS OF TH' DAY -



- BUT HE DIDN'T GIT TH' IDEA AT ALL. THIS NEW HAT WUS JES' NO HAT FER A HARD WORKIN' COWBOY - IT HAD A LOW CROWN AND A NARROW RIM THET WUZ AS STIFF AS A BOARD - NOBODY BUT TH' TOWN FELLERS WOULD WEAR ONE. WE NAMEO IT "TH' HORSEMAN'S HAT"



A FEW OF US COWBOYS TRIED 'EM BUT THEY WURN'T WHAT WE WANTED THO I DO UNDERSTAND TH' BOYS UP NORTH LIKED 'EM. SO, WE CALLED THEM TH' NORTHWEST "MOUNTIE" ON ACCOUNT THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE WORE 'EM.



FIANLLY, MR. STETSON INVENTED A NEW MATERIAL FER MAKIN' HATS. INSTEAD OF USIN' BEAVER FUR, HE USED A FELT. THIS WUS RIGHT TIMELY ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE BEAVER FUR WUS GETTIN' SCARCE

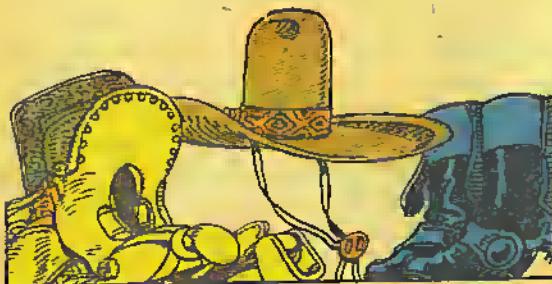
THIS NEW FELT MADE JUST TH' KINOA HAT WE WUS NEEON', IT WUS A HIGH CROWNO, WIDE ROLLED RIM. USAGE AN' WEATHER TOOK A LONG TIME GITTIN' THUR WORK IN ON THESE HATS.



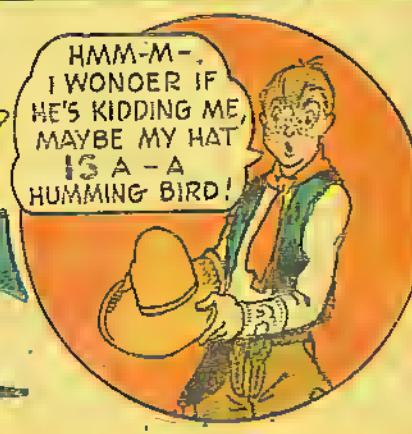
THUR WUS ONLY ONE FAULT WITH 'EM, THEY WUS MIGHTY EXPENSIVE FER A COWBOY TO BUY, BUT LIKE HIS BOOTS AND SADOLE, ONLY TH' BEST WOULD DO.



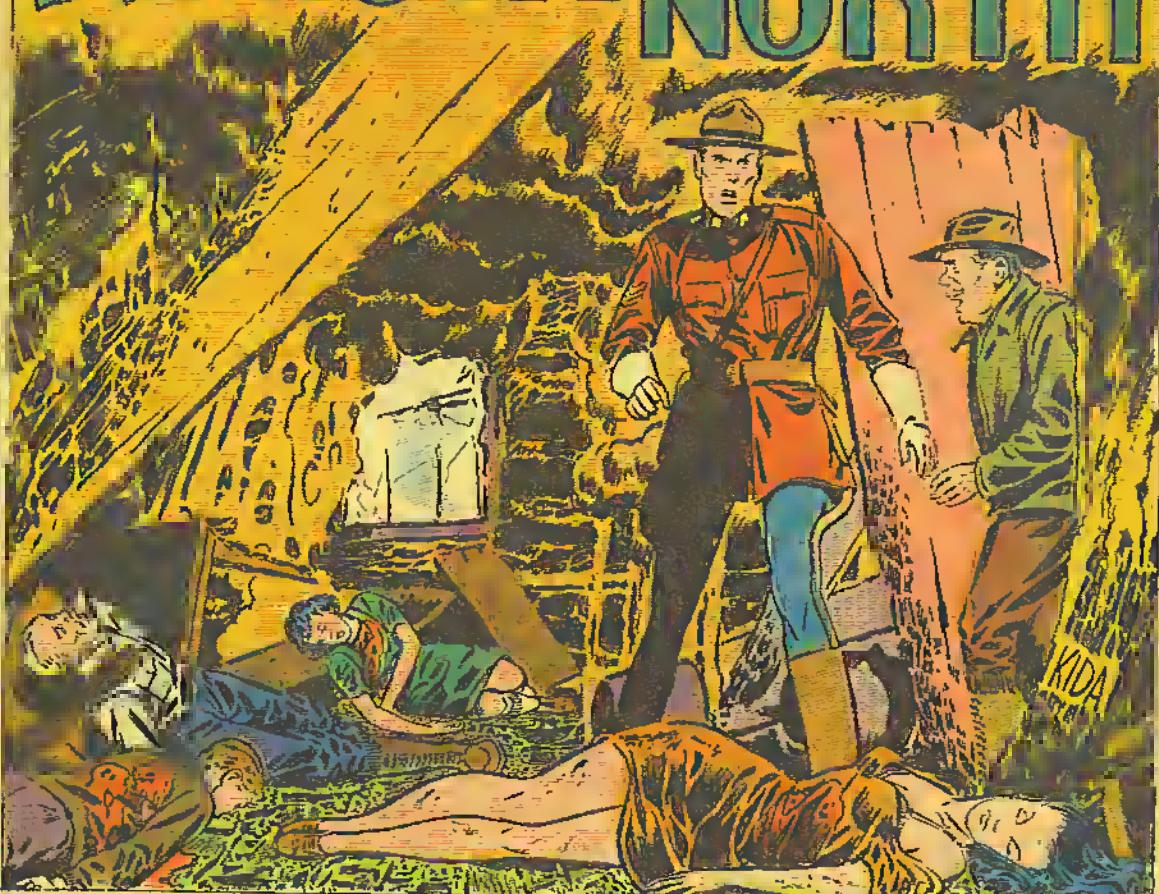
-- A COWBOY BEIN' KINO OF AN INDIVIDUALIST AND CRAFTSMAN, WANTS HIS OWN BRAND OF A HAT BAND -- SAY LIKE A HAND-PLATTED HORSEHAIR BAND, A SNAKESKIN OR A FANCY SILVER CONCHAS -- 'N' CTRY --



COURSE, ONE CAN BUY A CHEAP HAT OF SOME SUBSTITUTE KINDA FELT, SAME WHICH GOES TO PIECES POCO TIMEO. MOST DUDES AN' KIDS BUY 'EM.



# KNIGHT of the NORTH



**N**OTHING UNUSUAL EVER HAPPENED IN THE TINY SASKATCHEWAN TOWN OF MILLGLOW--- THEN, ONE DAY, LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, MURDER STRUCK A SAVAGE BLOW AT THE BEWILDERED HAMLET, --AND NOT ONE MURDER, BUT SIX!! SERGEANT KEN KNIGHT, FOUND NOT A SINGLE CLUE, NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE POINTING TOWARD A KILLER! WHO COULD HAVE BEEN THE "MURDERER UNKNOWN" ?????

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! FIVE PEOPLE, ALL RELATED, SHOT TO DEATH-- AND THEN BURNED IN THEIR HOUSE-- HOW GHASTLY!

THAT ISN'T ALL, KEN! THERE'S ANOTHER CORPSE HERE IN THE CELLAR!

MRS. LUBART! SHE MUST'VE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE WHEN THE MURDERER SHOT HER AFTER SHE GOT DOWN THE LADDER!!

THAT MAKES SIX DEAD-- NOT COUNTING THE COWS! THE MANIAC KILLED-- OVER IN THE BARN!



AN HOUR LATER--

EACH HAS BEEN SHOT TWICE WITH A RIFLE--WINCHESTER! THE BULLETS DON'T LIE!

WE'RE MATCHING WITS WITH A MANIAC! EVEN THE COWS IN THE BARN WERE SHOT TWICE!



NOTHING, KEN! NOT A CLUE! THE GUY AUGHTA'VE BEEN A MANIAC, BUT HE WAS AS SMART AS A JUDGE!

WELL, LET'S SEE SOME OF THE FAMILY'S FRIENDS, AND TRY TO PIECE TOGETHER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!



IN THE TOWN OF MILLGLOW, SHORTLY AFTER--

SURE, I WAS THE LAST ONE TO SEE JOE TIGHE ALIVE--AND THE LUBARTS TOO! TIGHE WAS A COUSIN OF THEIRS, YOU KNOW!

TELL US AS MUCH AS YOU KNOW OF THE DEAD PEOPLE'S WHEREABOUTS LAST NIGHT, MR. MILTON!



YESTERDAY WAS MEETIN' DAY. THE LUBARTS WERE THERE, AND SO WAS JOE TIGHE! WE FINISHED EARLY, AND THE LUBARTS WENT HOME! JOE, AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, INcludin' ME, DIDN'T WANT TO GO SO SOON, SO WE WENT TO MY HOUSE, AND PLAYED CARDS!



"...WE PLAYED ABOUT TWO HOURS, AND THEN JOE AND THE OTHER BOYS GOT UP!"

TIME WE WERE GOIN' HOME! YOU COMMIN'?

YEAH, SAM AND ME--WE GO YOUR WAY FOR A SPELL!  
'NIGHT, AIR.

MILTON!

NIGHT! SEE YOU TOMORROW!



"...A MILE FROM MY PLACE, THE THREE BROKE UP...POOR JOE--DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS COMIN' HOME TO, DID HE?

SO LONG, AIR. SEE YOU IN THE MORNIN'!

NIGHT, BOYS!

NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST!



--THAT'S ALL I KNOW OF THE CASE, SERGEANT--THAT THE LUBARTS WENT HOME EARLY, AND JOE TIGHE LEFT AW PLACE AT ELEVEN TO GET HIMSELF KILLED WITH THEM!



THIS BOVA--  
WASN'T HE A  
RELATION  
TO THE  
LUBARTS AND  
TIGHE?

YEAH-- MIKE WAS THAT!  
HE MARRIED CLARA LUBART,  
THE DAUGHTER! PRETTY GIRL!  
BUT THEY HAD FIGHTS, AND  
LAST YEAR CLARA LEFT  
MIKE, AND WENT HOME  
TO LIVE WITH HER FATHER---



LOOKIN' FOR MIKE? I'M MIKE'S MA! MIKE'S  
IN THE BACK  
BARN, THERE!  
THANKS, MRS. BOVA, WE'VE GOT A  
COUPLE OF QUESTIONS TO ASK MIKE  
ABOUT THE LUBART KILLINGS---



MOUNTIES?!! ABOUT THE LUBARTS,  
EH? YOU THINK I HAD SOMETHIN'  
TO DO WITH IT  
'CAUSE I  
THREATENED  
TO KILL THEM?

YOU DID THREATEN  
TO KILL THEM--?  
SUPPOSE YOU TELL  
US ABOUT THAT, MIKE!  
IT INTERESTS ME  
POWERFULLY!

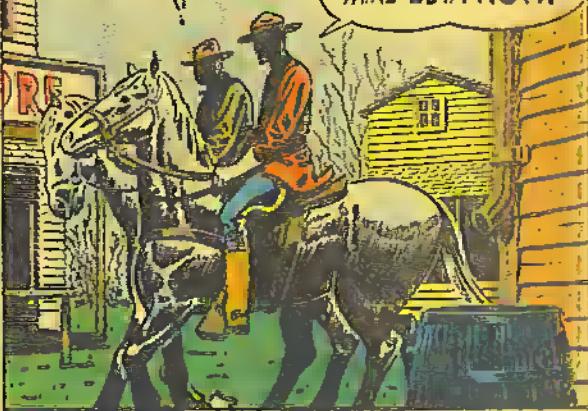


I MARRIED  
CLARA LUBART  
ABOUT TWO  
YEARS AGO--  
SHE LEFT ME  
LAST YEAR--  
EVERYTHING  
WAS QUARRELS!  
I STILL LIKED  
HER, BUT THE  
OLD MAN MADE  
ME STAY AWAY  
FROM HER!



YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, AREN'T YOU,  
KENP--THAT MIKE BOVA HAD A MOTIVE FOR  
GETTING EVEN WITH HIS  
BRIDE'S FAMILY?

YES, BILL! IN FACT--  
WE'RE SEEING  
MIKE BOVA NOW!



BELIEVE ME, OFFICER! MIKE HAD NOTHIN' TO DO  
WITH IT! LAST NIGHT HE CAME HOME A LITTLE  
AFTER ELEVEN! HE ATE SOMETHIN' AN' THEN  
WENT TO SLEEP! MIKE'S  
A GOOD BOY!

DON'T UPSET YOURSELF,  
MRS. BOVA, IF MIKE'S  
INNOCENT, HE'S GOT  
NOTHING TO FEAR!



--A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO I MADE UP MY  
MIND TO TAKE CLARA BACK--

IM HER HUSBAND, AND I SAY SHE'S COMING  
BACK WITH ME!  
NOSODY'S STOPPING  
ME, EITHER!

IF YOU DON'T GET OUT  
OF MY HOUSE,  
MIKE BOVA--!



SO HELP ME GOD I'LL BLOW THE HEART OUT  
OF YOU! NOW GET OUT OF HERE, AND DON'T  
COME  
SACK!

SO IT'S GUNS YOU WANT TO  
PLAY WITH, EH? ALL RIGHT! LOOK  
OUT FOR ME, LUBARTS--  
LOOK OUT!

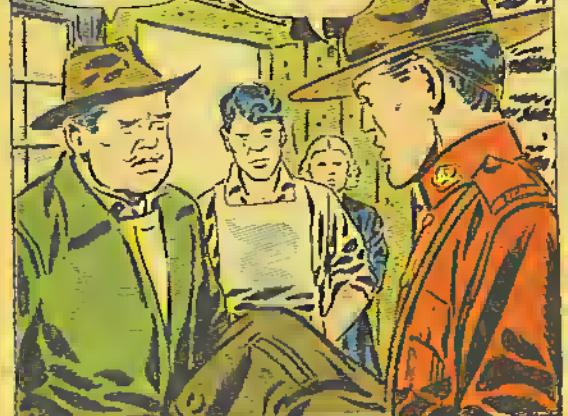


I WASN'T ON THE OUTS WITH JOE! JOE WAS  
A NICE GUY. WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT,  
AFTER LEAVIN' JOE ON THE ROAD, I ATE AND  
WENT TO SLEEP. THAT'S ALL I DID LAST NIGHT...  
SLEEP! THAT'S ALL! WANT TO ARREST  
ME FOR SLEEPIN'?



INSIDE THE HOUSE--  
WELL, KEN?

MIKE'S NOT ACTING!  
THESE CLOTHES  
DON'T SHOW A SIGN  
OF SMOKE, FIRE OR  
BLOOD!



SURE--I THREATENED THEM! BUT I HAD  
NOTHIN' TO DO WITH KILLIN' THEM! I AIN'T  
BEEN NEAR THEIR FARM FOR NEARLY  
A YEAR!

THEN, HOW COME YOU SIT DOWN AND  
PLAY CARDS WITH JOE TIGHE, LUBARTS'  
COUSIN, IF YOU'RE ON THE OUTS WITH  
THE WHOLE FAMILY?



NOT UNLESS YOU WALKED IN YOUR SLEEP WITH  
A WINCHESTER! COME ON OUTSIDE, MIKE, AND  
SHOW US THE CLOTHES YOU WORE LAST NIGHT.

SO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN BULLING YOU? SURE,  
I'LL SHOW 'EM TO YOU... COME ON!



WE CAN'T SUSPECT BOY, BILL! IT'S PHYSICALLY  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO HAVE TRAILED JOE TIGHE,  
SHOT HIM, THEN SHOT ALL OF THE LUBARTS AND  
THE COWS, FIRED THE HOUSES, AND THEN COME  
BACK HERE-- ALL IN A  
HALF HOUR!

THEN WHO  
DID IT?



WE'RE UP AGAINST A PUZZLE! WE'VE GOT TO BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN!--BOTH AT THE HOUSE AND THE FAMILIES IN MILLGLOW---AND FIND SOME FRESH CLUES!

OKAY, KEN---YOU TAKE THE HOUSE! I'LL CHECK UP IN THE TOWN!



ELLONY COVERS THE TOWNSHIP--

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A WANDERING STRANGER WHO BUMPED OFF THE LUBARTS? THEY NEVER HAD NO DEALINGS WITH STRANGERS! EVERYBODY LIKED THEM! NOBODY WOULD KILL THEM BY THE HALF DOZEN!



DIDN'T THE LUBARTS HAVE ANY ENEMIES?

NAW! EXCEPT JOE TIGHE AND MIKE BOVA--



BUT WHAT OF IT? JOE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE SUSPECTED---WITH TWO BULLETS IN HIM LIKE THE REST!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT YOU GAVE ME A LEAD--BUT IT'S A LEAD TO NOWHERE!



JOE TIGHE?!! WHY, WHAT ABOUT TIGHE?

WHY SHOULD HE BE THEIR ENEMY? HE WAS SWEET ON MIKE'S WIFE, CLARA! OLD MAN LUBART DIDN'T LIKE THAT MORE'N HE LIKED MIKE BOVA, HIMSELF! TIGHE AND THE LUBARTS HAD SOME FANCY FIGHTS OVER CLARA!



SHORTLY AFTER-- WELL? FIND ANYTHING NEW?

NOPE! JUST A LOT OF .32 CALIBER WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES, AND THE RIFLE TOO-- ALL BURNED UP--



IN FACT, I'M BEGINNING TO GET BURNED UP,  
MYSELF--I'M SO MYSTIFIED IT ISN'T FUNNY!  
WHAT DID

YOU  
FIND OUT?

NOTHING TO AMUSE YOU, EXCEPT  
THAT IF JOE TIGHE WASN'T DEAD--  
I'D BE SUSPECTING HIM OF THE KILLINGS!

YOU SEE, JOE WAS NUTS ABOUT CLARA FROM  
THE TIME SHE MARRIED MIKE  
BILL, YOU'VE  
GIVEN ME  
A  
BRAINSTORM!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU,  
KEN, BUT WHEN I SEE A  
GUY DEAD, WITH TWO  
BULLETS IN HIM, THAT  
GUY IS PERFECTLY  
ALIBED!

MAYBE YES--  
MAYBE NO!  
WE'RE  
DIGGING UP  
THE  
CORONER!

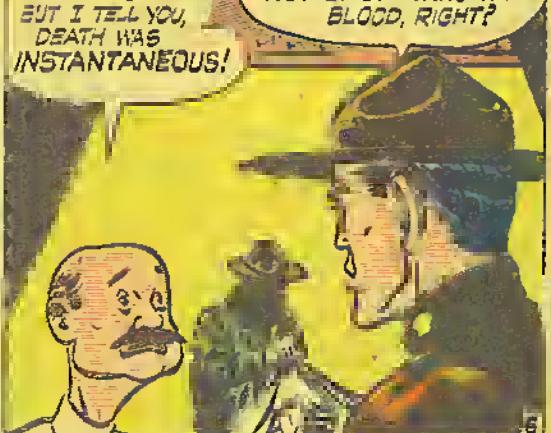


HELLO, DOCTOR...I SEE YOU'VE  
GOT A FULL HOUSE! BY ANY  
CHANCE, IS JOE TIGHE ONE  
OF THE SLAP PARTIES?

WHY YES! HE'S  
THE ONE ON THE  
EXTREME LEFT...  
A BULLET WOUND  
IN HIS HEAD, AND  
ONE IN THE CHEST--  
BOTH CAUSING  
INSTANTANEOUS DEATH!

STRAIGHTEN OUT A POINT FOR ME, DOCTOR--IF THE  
CHEST WOUND CAUSED INSTANTANEOUS DEATH, THE  
CHEST CAVITY WOULD  
NOT BE SWIMMING WITH  
BLOOD, RIGHT?

OF COURSE!  
BUT I TELL YOU,  
DEATH WAS  
INSTANTANEOUS!



THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, DOCTOR! I WANT AN AUTOPSY DONE ON TIGHE'S BODY IMMEDIATELY! I MUST KNOW WHETHER OR NOT, TIGHE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

KNIGHT! IF YOU VERY WELL, DON'T THINK MY DIAGNOSIS WAS CORRECT, I'LL VERIFY IT, AND HAVE YOUR APOLOGY IN THE BARGAIN!

TIME PASSES, AND THEN...

THAT'S ODD! I COULD HAVE SWORN!

WHAT'S UP DOCTOR? FIND SOMETHING?



KNIGHT I WAS WRONG! TIGHE DIDN'T DIE FROM THE CHEST WOUND. HE ONLY SUFFERED AN INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE! THE HEAD WOUND EXCELLENT! NOW GIVE ME A SPONGE TO CLEAN THE WOUND ON TIGHE'S HEAD!

KILLED HIM!  
THERE! UNDER THE GRIME I WIPE AWAY, YOU CAN SEE THE POWDER MARKS OF THE SUICIDE SHOT TIGHE SENT INTO HIS OWN HEAD!

TIGHE IS OUR MURDERER! IT WAS HE WHO WIPE OUT THE LUBART FAMILY, AND THEN KILLED HIMSELF--AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW

"--WHEN TIGHE RETURNED TO THE LUBARTS AFTER THE CARD GAME, SOMEHOW HE BROUGHT UP THE MATTER OF MARRYING CLARA, THE DAUGHTER. WHEN HE WAS TURNED DOWN AGAIN, HE MUST'VE GONE BERSERK!"

SO, I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER!? I'LL SHOW YOU! YOU'LL ALL BE GOOD FOR NOTHING IN A MINUTE!

JOE! N-NO!!!

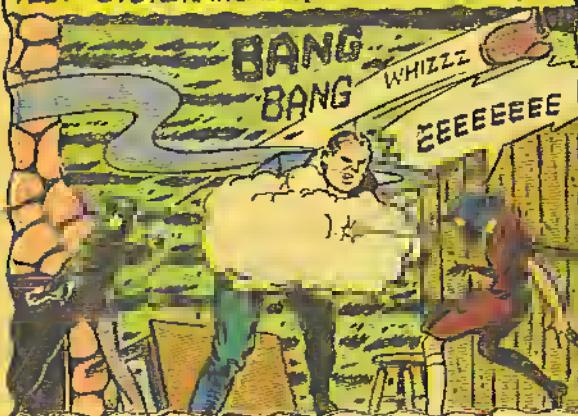
ALL OF YOU! NOT ONE WILL I LEAVE ALIVE!

OH-H-H-H

BANG BANG



"I KNEW THE WINCHESTER BELONGED TO LUBART BECAUSE IT WAS MISSING FROM ITS HOOKS ON THE WALL. THE ONE PERSON WHO HATED THE LUBARTS USED IT TO KILL THEM ALL -- SYSTEMATICALLY!"



"YOU'RE NEXT, CLARA! YOU'RE NEXT! MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BETTER THAN MARRIAGE!"

HA-HA!!

BANG  
BANG

AGHHHHH

DIE, CLARA, DIE!! OHHHHHH--

BANG  
BANG



"YOU'RE THE LAST, BUT NOT THE LEAST, MARGARET! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! SEE?"

YEOWW

BANG  
BANG



"AFTER KILLING EVERYONE, TIGHE SLAUGHTERED THE CATTLE, AND SET FIRE TO THE BARN AND HOUSE.. THEN HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF-- UNSUCCESSFULLY!"

I AVSED MY HEART! I'M DYING, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH!  
THE FLAMES WILL DEYOUR ME ALIVE!

BANG

"FEELING THE HEAT AROUND HIM, AND KNOWING HE'D SOON BE IN THE FLAMES HIMSELF, TIGHE LEANED THE RIFLE AGAINST HIS HEAD, AND PULLED THE TRIGGER!"

ILL SEE THAT THEY DON'T!



"WHEW! THAT'S AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL NOW! OF COURSE TIGHE DID IT! HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO HIT ON THE SOLUTION, KEN?"

I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD INCENTIVE, BILL. IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD TO HAVE SIX UNSOLVED MURDERS ON THE FORCE'S BOOKS - WOULD IT?

